

Bye, Bye Pudding Pie

by Unexplained Membrane

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Bye, Bye Pudding Pie

Title â€" "Bye, Bye Pudding Pie"
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> SPOILERS â€" none
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> SUMMARY â€" Mulder suffers a loss.
 DISCLAIMER: These characters are not ours and they never will be. They are the property of Chris Carter and Ten Thirteen Productions in association with Twentieth Century Fox.
> FEEDBACK: Will be traded for garden gnomes and pink flamingos.
 ARCHIVE: Anywhere, just let us know where it is going.
>
 One sunny day, although it didn't seem that it should have been sunny, I sat behind Mulder's desk in the basement. I was not in a particularly good mood. That morning my alarm clock failed to go off, I didn't have any hot water when I stepped into the shower, and my neighbour's poodle left a present in my newspaper. Just as I was thinking of the most annoying way to tell Mulder that his ideas about our new case were less than great, he burst into the office out of breath and sobbing.
> "Mulder, what happened?"
 "Oh, Scully, it was horrible!"
> At that moment my mind was running wild. What event could have put him into such a state?
 "What was horrible?" I asked somewhat scared of the answer.
> "Aâ€|â€|.Iâ€|â€|oh it was really bad."
 "Mulder, calm down and tell me what happened," I said seating him behind the desk.
> "Okay."
 "Start from the beginning," I said as I grabbed a chair and sat for what appeared to be a long and horrible story. I waited while he sniffled and got himself situated to tell his story. The thought of being able to tell someone what happened seemed to comfort him. While he was calming down all the dreadful thoughts that were racing through my mind were getting me worked up.
> "Alright. This morning when I went to start my car, it wouldn't. After sitting there for several minutes and using choice phrases to

describe the car, I decided to take the bus. When I went to the bus stop the bench was full, so I sat on the curb near the bench. While sitting there a man came up and sat beside me. After a few minutes he started talking to me. He told me that he had been a fur salesman, but now he was a wino. Not that he really liked being a wino, butâ€|â€|â€|."
 Okay, so far so good. No aliens or MIBs and no consortium, he was on a roll. After listening to him babble about winos for several minutes I had to will myself not to yell, "What is the point?" Personally I didn't think that he had a point. He seemed to be endlessly rambling and frankly it was annoying the hell out of me, but he had been upset, so I decided that I would be nice for a while longer.

> "Right in the middle of telling me his life story he stole my loafer and ran away yelling 'Bye, bye pudding pie!' A WINO STOLE MY LOAFER!" He sobbed.
 "Is that what has you all up in arms?" I asked stunned. The way that he was carrying on I would have thought that Mr. Roger's had murdered his dog with his favourite jump rope. No wonder they call him 'Spooky' he had an unnatural attachment to his shoes. Okay, so I had an unnatural attachment to my first cup of coffee in the morning, but I don't think that I would sob and throw a hissy fit if I ran out or someone stole it. I didn't have a chance to tell him my rationalisation of events though, because he interrupted my thoughts.

> "Scully!" He said giving me a look of shock.
 "What?" I asked absolutely clueless.

> "How can you ask that? I loved those loafers. They were perfect and they fit just the way I wanted. Do you know how long it took me to get them that way? Three years, Scully, three and now they are gone," he sniffled.
 "I'm sorry, Mulder. I didn't know that they meant that much to you. " I didn't know why I was sorry either, but I was. He was obviously upset over this thievery and I now felt genuinely sorry for him. Scary thought. He was upset over his shoes and I felt sorry for him. Maybe they should call me "Spooky."

> "Here have a tissue," I said handing him one from my purse.
 "Thanks," he said blowing his nose.

> Maybe it was pity, but I doubt it. I don't know what it was that made me do what I did next. I just felt that I had to.
 "Come on, Mulder," I said pulling him from the chair.

> "Where are we going?"
 "To the mall."

> "Why?"
 "Because you won the worst morning contest. First prize is a brand new pair of loafers. All contest prizes must be redeemed immediately. "

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file.